

OVERLAND TO CALIFORNIA.

Notes From a Journal Kept by Mrs Francis H. Sawyer in a Journey Across the Plains,

MAY 9 TO AUGUST 17, 1852.

Revised and Compiled for the Entertainment of the Readers of the Breckenridge News.

II

May 23.—Sabbath. We camped this afternoon at 2 o'clock, to rest the remainder of the day.

We have been traveling, for several days, in company with an old gentleman and his family. He has with him his wife, two sons, daughter and daughter's husband. The daughter is dressed in bloomer costume—panta, short skirt and red-top boots. I think it is a very appropriate dress for a trip like this. So many ladies wear it, that I almost wish that I was so attired myself. The old lady wears a short skirt and pantlets. She is fifty years old. Her health was not good when she started, but it is improving now.

Distance traveled, sixteen miles.

May 24.—To-day has been a very warm one, but nothing startling has occurred to break the monotony of the trip. The roads, however, continue good and we are making rapid strides toward the far West.

Mr. Sawyer guards his routes of nights now, for fear that the Indians may steal them.

Distance traveled to-day, thirty miles.

May 25.—We came to the Platte river to-day. It is a wide and shallow stream, and its water is warm and muddy. There is some timber on its banks and on the islands.

Some Indians are in camp near us to-night, and they came over to our camp, begging for something to eat. They are not very pleasant looking guests, though they seem to be friendly and peaceable.

Distance traveled, twenty-five miles.

May 26.—A large party of Pawnee Indians passed us this morning going on to their hunting grounds after buffalo, and this afternoon we met them returning. They had met a party of Sioux, and the result was a battle took place. The Sioux had whipped them, killing and scalping two of the party and wounding several others. The Pawnees were very angry and badly frightened. Some were armed with bows and some with guns. I met some ladies that saw the fight, and they said that they were scared almost to death themselves. The Pawnees had made a poor fight.

There were only thirteen Sioux and they whipped sixty or seventy Pawnees. When we came to where the battle had been fought, Mr. Sawyer and I drove off the road a short distance to see one of the Indians who had been killed. It was the most horrible sight I ever saw. Four or five arrows were sticking in his body and his scalp was gone, leaving his head bare, bloody and ghastly. I am sorry I went out to look at him. I have had the blues ever since.

We are in camp with a large company of emigrants to-night, and have out a strong guard. So we women are safe and secure from danger, and may rest in peace and comfort, if we don't dream of dead Indians.

The grass is good here, but mosquitoes are very bad.

Distance traveled, twenty-two miles.

May 27.—Morpheus cozily wrapped us all in his arms last night, and the pleasant dreams of our far-away Kentucky home were not disturbed by the Indians either dead or alive.

I have plucked some beautiful prairie flowers to-day. The prairie is very pretty, dressed in its many bright colors, and the atmosphere is sweet with its fragrance. The flowers somewhat resemble the bloom of the sweet pea.

Distance traveled, twenty-five miles.

May 28.—Nothing of startling importance happened to-day. The same old monotony—endless prairies.

Distance traveled, thirty miles.

May 29.—We arrived at new Fort Kearney at 2 o'clock this afternoon and went into camp near it. We wrote some letters home and mailed them at the Fort. The Fort is a neat little place, kept in the best of order, and the best of order is kept in it. There are several ladies here with their husbands who are officers. They keep an account of the number of emigrants who pass this place, and a soldier came out this afternoon to get our names to register.

Distance traveled to-day, fifteen miles.

May 30.—Sabbath. We passed the Fort this morning and kept the bank of the Platte river till we arrived at a point ten miles above, where we forded the stream.

The Platte is a mile wide at this point, and our wagons pulled very hard in the quick-sand. Mr. Sawyer went over in the carriage with me. The water was so deep that our mule had to swim in some places. I was greatly frightened and held on tightly to my husband. When we got over Mr. Sawyer took the mule out of the carriage and went back on her to help the boys over with the wagon. The mules stopped once and the wagon settled down so that oxen had

to be procured to help start it again. At last they got over safe, and as the wagon had been propped up, everything kept dry, though in this we were more fortunate than many others who were crossing to-day. Many had their effects greatly damaged by water.

We went into camp on the bank of the river where we had crossed.

May 31.—We have traveled all day in heat and dust. It is quite warm and dusty now, and the grass is not good.

Distance traveled, twenty-eight miles.

June 1.—We heard of three very sudden deaths this morning and the disease is supposed to be cholera. The emigrants in traveling over the plains, dig shallow wells to procure cold water. This water is strongly impregnated with alkali, and, it is thought, that by drinking this, these unfortunate people have been taken severely sick and died.

We are making good time now.

Distance traveled, twenty-eight miles.

June 2.—We are now in the Buffalo Regions, and the only fuel we have is buffalo chips. These make a good, hot fire. We are in camp near the Shawnee Springs. The water is very fine, cold and clear as crystal. We enjoy this treat very much, after having been compelled to use the unwholesome water contained in the shallow wells of the plains for several days past. The grass is also very good here.

Distance traveled, twenty-five miles.

June 3.—We had a hard rain and thunder-storm last night and it is cool and pleasant to-day. We camp by a creek of good, clear water to-night. This is to our liking as the water of the Platte is so warm that we avoid its use whenever it is possible to do so.

Distance traveled, twenty-five miles.

June 4.—To-day we have passed a great many new-made graves, and we hear of many cases of the cholera. We hear of so much sickness that we are becoming fearful for our own safety.

Distance traveled, twenty miles.

June 5.—One of the men in the camp of the old gentleman who is traveling with us was taken sick with cholera last night and it is thought that he will die. We have not left camp to-day, though the doctors say that it is much better to be traveling.

June 6.—Sabbath day. The sick man is some better, but other members of the company have similar symptoms. The disease is very bad among the emigrants, being more prevalent among the ox teams than the others. There was more rain last night, and it is still cooler to-day. It is hoped that this will check the disease somewhat.

Distance traveled, twenty-two miles.

June 7.—It rained again last night and it is still cool and windy.

Mr. Sawyer has slight symptoms of cholera this evening, but hopes to get it checked before it becomes serious.

Distance traveled, twenty-five miles.

June 8.—Mr. Sawyer is better to-day. We met some Mormons from Salt Lake, and they told us there was no sickness ahead of us. This gives us brighter hopes and encourages us greatly.

We passed Castle Ruins to-day. They are large stones on the top of a hill, and they resemble old ruins very much, though it was the hand of nature that placed them there.

Distance traveled, twenty-five miles.

June 9.—It is now one month since we left St. Joseph, and we have traveled a little more than 500 miles, making an average of about seventeen miles a day. We still have a long, rugged and weary road before us that will take us many weeks to go over.

The health of the emigrants is so much better that we don't hear of any deaths now.

We passed Chimney Rock and Court-house Rock to-day. They were both on the opposite side of the Platte from us, but we could see them very distinctly.

Distance traveled, thirty-one miles.

June 10.—We "nooned" to-day opposite Scott's Bluffs. These bluffs were named for a man by the name of Scott, who perished under them for the want of food. The story of his death is a pitiful one. The view of the bluffs was grand and beautiful from our position.

A Mr. Fox and his son, of Louisville, Ky., caught up with us to-day, and they will travel with us a while. Mr. Sawyer had a slight acquaintance with him in Louisville.

Distance traveled, twenty-four miles.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

We are prepared to do all kinds of printing. Have your Horse and Jack bills done at this office.

In such a state of civilization as ours, where merit is sure to be acknowledged, it is a wonder the factory of Dr. Fenner is worked to its fullest capacity to supply the medicines that are called, after such acknowledgements as the following come to be known: Wm. Farquay, Stevens Station, Ind., writes: "Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure has cured a man here with kidney and bladder disease whom the best physicians had given up. He is now well and sound. It is regarded here as a most wonderful event. His medicines are all good and give great satisfaction." Equally certain in female diseases, rheumatism, blood diseases, headaches, dropsy, heart disease, etc. Guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded. Take home a bottle to-day.

FLOATING ABOUT.

A Tramp Tells of Some Amusing Incidents, and Gives Some Good Advice.

Boys Should Not Be Too Anxious to Leave the Farm for a Job in the City.

The Best Places are Filled by Skilled Men, Who Began at the Feet of the Ladder.

Idle Loafers are an Incumbrance to the Progress of the World, and Ought to Die.

FUNNY THINGS IN CHURCH.

While the editors were off attending the Republican Convention at Hardinsburg on the 12th inst. a seedy tramp wandered into the News office and inquired for paper and pencil. He was directed to the desk of the local editor, where such materials were lying idle, and, seating himself, he went to writing. After completing his work, he continued on his weary way with the price of a night's lodging, which one of the office boys gave him, in his pocket. His production is worth reading, and it shows that he was not only at one time in better circumstances than he is now, but that he is a man of education and practical knowledge. Following is what he wrote:

THE RAMBLER.

Floating around the country and mingling with the common people, a person has excellent opportunities for studying the people, their needs, and their wants, and finding the true remedy for whatever trouble there may be abroad in the country.

I prefer to use the term common people, for they form a great majority, they are the power that is behind the progress of the world and upon which all success depends. If the common people are permitted the full enjoyment of their labors, and are happy, the country must be both happy and prosperous. Whatever operates to burden and oppress the common people will of necessity retard the growth and advancement of the country. No country can be prosperous and happy, unless the people are so, and the whole people can not be so as long as legislators make laws in the interest of a favored few, and to the detriment of the many. The interests of the farmer and the workman must be as carefully guarded as those of the manufacturer and the millionaire. Value or money, is only the representative of labor, there must be labor performed before there can be value to represent it, and any attempt to make the representative above and more important than the thing represented is calculated to disorganize the system upon which the happiness and prosperity of the people rest.

While this is true, it does not contain all the truth, nor does it fully suggest the remedy for the depressing times through which the people of this country are passing. In any country, more especially a country where the people are the acknowledged source of all political power, the cause for hard times or for any trouble whatsoever that may come upon the country, must, to a large extent, originate and be with the people. One who mingles much with the people will not be long in locating these causes, and is surely better able to suggest the remedy than one who gets his data from the theorizing of others. An old philosopher was once asked, is life worth living, and replied, "That depends upon the man." There is much truth in the saying. Much more depends upon the individual than people like to believe, for human nature is prone to look elsewhere for the cause of whatever ills come into life, when nine times out of ten the trouble is in the individual. At all events the only cause over which he has a correcting power is in himself. Let him remove the mote that is in his own eye, and then he can see more clearly to remove the beam that is in the other fellow's eye.

When the young man, getting big ideas in his head, goes to the city to work out his fame and fortune, he is too much like the monkey. That is he wants to do just what he sees other people do, and is unwilling to accommodate himself to the circumstances in which he finds himself thrown by nature. He wants to keep up with the pace set by the son of the millionaire, and so engenders his hard earnings to imitate the follies of the dandy. He lives beyond what he earns, exhausts his strength in trying to breast the waters of debt, and when the day of trouble comes, he is unable to meet it, and goes down before adversity.

This first mistake leaves an influence that goes through life and dominates future action. This first mistake avoided, the future would be safer. Young men stay upon the farm, home is the safest place for young birds.

The tendency of young men to flock to the city is one of the first causes that leads to want, sorrow and suffering. How great this tendency is may be clearly seen by a careful study of the census. The bulk of the increase in population

has been in the large cities, but this increase has been at the expense of the country districts. Everywhere the urban population has increased, while in many instances the suburban has fallen off. Many young men leave country homes and go to the city wholly unprepared to meet the duties and the responsibilities that come with the change, and they are unable to keep up with the mad rush of city life. They have not learned a trade, and are building their castles upon the hope of finding some easy place with a large salary attached. Such places are not offering, and men who are willing to turn a hand to anything are numerous. The demand to-day is for men who can do some one thing well, and the man who would win success must be willing to commence at the bottom and work up. Those who are unwilling to go through the drudgery of an apprenticeship can not expect to know much about any kind of employment and must be blown about by the cruel and uncertain winds of chance. While young men can not be content to stay at home, where they are surrounded by good influences and are at least sure of something to eat and a place to sleep, is a mystery to the writer, who has tried the other way and failed. There is certainly more of promise and hope for the young man who stays at home. A run through the history of the world will show that nearly all the truly great men were stay-at-homes. Besides the majority of the great men of the world have come from the farm. It is undeniable that every boy who goes out into the world will find fame and wealth, but at the same time they are unwilling to undergo the toil and the privations that fortune demands of those who woo her favors. If young men would at the start prepare themselves thoroughly for some line of business, they would, to a great extent, remove the cause of trouble and at the same time apply the remedy.

No one should expect to find life all sunshine. Clouds gather over every pathway, and some rain falls into every life. It is the fate of all humanity to suffer and to know sorrow. It is better so, for it is the time that try men's souls, that brings out the greatness that is in them. When a man comes face to face with the necessity to do or to die, he will climb, if there is any do in him. If not, he will remove an incumbrance from the progress of the world by dying. In the so called good old times, where a man consumed without producing, he was considered as no more use to the world, and was killed. I have some times thought that this law would be a very good one to put into operation to-day. Whew, wouldn't it thin out the population? But then a little thinning out might be a benefit. I once heard a man say that a large number of funerals would be a benefit to his town, and from observation I am willing to believe that it would help along a good many other towns. Every town has its loafers, that keep the other part of the people worried in trying to find out how they live. Now, these loafers are generally all philosophers, and spend most of their time in discussing the intricate questions of finance and political economy. Not that they know anything about such matters, but they are a superior kind of fellows, who could give anyone points about their own business. All my readers know of just such men. Not long ago I saw a crowd of these wise men sitting on the porch of a village store discussing the hard times. The village doctor rode up, and one of the wise men addressing him, said, "Doc, we were just discussing the hard times, and the causes why so many men are in want of money. What's your opinion?"

The Doctor looked around and saw a man down the little street painting a house. "See that," he said to his interlocutor, "there is one man earning money, and here are eight or ten damn fools looking at him and discussing the problem of money. Now, can you see the cause of hard times?"

For a man floating through the country, Sunday is a heavy day for him to carry. One warm Sunday while toiling along a hot dusty road and trying to get to a satisfactory conclusion why the cry of a crow was different from the quack of a goose, I came to a church-house. There was singing inside, and so I thought I would go in and rest. All the men were on one side and all the women on the other. Just as if they were all mad at each other. The preacher was a tall, red-haired curiosity, who had forgotten to put his collar on, or to comb his hair. After telling the Lord all about the wickedness in the world in prayer, he got down to the work of preaching. I was unable to discover his subject. He commenced with the Garden of Eden, and was hurrying down to the present day, when he ran up against the Tower of Babel. There the big thing stood in front of him and he didn't know what to do with it. He couldn't get over it, nor around it. He looked at it with his mind's eye and throwing up his long arms exclaimed, "I tell you my brethering, they built her to keep out of the flood. They built her twenty-one miles high, seven miles of her crumbled away, seven miles of her sunk in the ground, and seven miles of her is still standing there to the honor and glory of God." Oh, how I wish he had told us where that seven miles of the Tower of Babel were still standing! Wouldn't it be a good place for a man who is looking for an easy job to sell peanuts?

The church is not exactly the place to go to see anything funny, and I do not

go there for that purpose, but I have seen funny things in a church. I was at a revival meeting of the Campbellites, and the preacher in a vigorous and earnest way was calling upon the sinners to come to repentance. "The spirit and the bride say come; let him who is a thirst come," he cried in a loud voice, and just then a large Newfoundland dog went trotting up the aisle, right to the preacher. The poor dog was driven out, and the preacher was very much vexed the next day when a pious old Methodist brother asked, why he did not dip that dog in the water?

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In Memory.

HARDINSBURG, KY., Jan. 21, 1893.—The restless scavenger, "Death," has been abroad in our land, and among those who have been called from earth to view eternity's vast realm, was one, of whose likeness the poet has said: "None knew thee, but to love thee, None named thee, but to praise thee."

The petted and cherished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Allen Adkisson, in the 23d year of her life, Susie, as she was familiarly called by her friends, (and they were many,) had been in delicate health for years, and father, mother and sisters did all that loving and devoted relatives could do, to make pleasant and happy life's transient stay; and if she were not a happy and contented girl, it is because happiness and contentment are not attainable during our earthly pilgrimage.

It had been our wonted lot during the past two years to meet her frequently at New Bethel church, of which she was an attentive member. A smile and a gracious word was her greeting for every one, and having once felt the influence of that smile, it was your desire to meet the donor again.

Bright, cheerful in disposition, amiable, beloved by all who knew her, she moved, a glittering star in the firmament of purity.

We laid her to rest a short distance from the homes of two loving sisters who will untiringly and unceasingly decorate and dedicate to the memory of their sister, the little mound, under which rests the earthly remains of the peerless woman, whose friendship on earth had begotten a desire to greet her soul's smile in Heaven.

A FRIEND.

One Lady Says

I have been troubled for years with a hacking cough. Have had many doctors and tried fifty cough cures. I grew worse all the time. I tried Parks' Cough Syrup and found immediate relief. It begins at the bottom of the disease and I know it is the best cough remedy on the market. Refer any sufferer to Mrs. W. J. Fahey, Le Roy, N. Y. A. R. Fisher, druggist.

GUSTON.

Mr. H. L. Bell is on the sick list. Mrs. Belle Pollock is quite sick at this writing.

Mr. Harry Duval, of Vine Grove, visited Hugh Hardaway Sunday.

Miss Bettie Young, of Sandy Hill, was in town shopping one day last week.

Mrs. and Miss Petty, of Hart county were visiting Miss Eva Carrigan last week.

Miss Clara Adkisson attended church at Irvington Sunday, and was the guest of Miss Lillie McGlothlin.

Mrs. Nannie Robinson, who has been sick with pneumonia for some time, we are glad to report, is better.

Miss Alice Haddock, of Louisville, and Miss Annie O'Bryan, of Paynesville, were the guests of Miss Maude Osborne last week.

Dr. A. A. Baxter and family, of Paynesville, have moved to our town. He is getting a good practice and seems to be liked by all.

Several of our young ladies and gents attended the ball at Ekron last Friday night, and report a grand time, as one always will that attend Mrs. Guedry's balls.

Mr. Lon Richardson, was in town Sunday to see one of our fair damsels. We will not give you away Lon, but why did you let the grey bluff you off in that way? The grey will not be there next Sunday the young lady says. So you had better try your luck again.

A New Peach.

Mr. D. L. Talbot, of Elizabethtown, Ky has originated a late October peach that is pronounced by experienced horticulturists to be the finest late peach on earth. It is a beautiful cling seedling, fine size and color and a most delicious eating peach. Mr. Talbot has a small number of trees now ready for setting, which he has reduced in price from one dollar to fifty cents each and is ready to fill orders at once.

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